

EXHIBIT 1

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



9325 Discovery Blvd
Manassas, VA 29109

File Number: 245D-WF-3410065

Requesting Official(s) and Office(s): SA Fernando Uribe, WFO/NVRA

Task Number(s) and Date Completed: 419121, 9/30/2015

Name and Office of Linguist(s): CLM Lilitana Portwine, NVRA

Name and Office of Reviewer(s): CL Ram6n Aguilar, WF

Source Language(s): Spanish/English

Target Language: English

Source File Information

 Name of Audio File or CD: 703-855-2796 2013-12-06 11:52:04 01867-001.wav

 -Call Number: 01867

 -Date, Time, Duration: 12/06/2013, 11:52:04, 00:30:16

 -Line, Target Numbers: 703-855-2796

 -Direction: Outgoing

VERBATIM TRANSLATION

Participants:

Junior	JR
Jose Lopez Torres	JL
a.k.a Peluca, a. k. a. Greñas	

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Abbreviations:

TN	Translator's Note
F	Female
PH	Phonetic
[]	Translator's notes / Noise Notations
UI	Unintelligible
OV	Overlapping Voices
IA	Inaudible
<i>Italics</i>	English

[TN: Format as Agent requested.]

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[Phone rings]

JL: You're brave by hanging up on me, you see.

JR: No man, for sure the problem it's your phone Greñas, no shit.

JL: Why, man?

JR: No, no - - it cuts off, then.

JL: Ah, yes. I see that you're carrying one of them phones. I carry a sa-te-lli-te phone

JR: [laughs]

JL: That's why.

JR: Fuck, man.

JL: I don't remember - -

JR: [OV] [UI] of . . . of a *fail*, the dude, man, the . . . the one from *Stewart*, man.

JL: Yes, that son of a bitch, ass hole, and he hung out with Morro [PH] and he hung out with Guanaco [PH].

JR: Hey, and have you see Morro, man?

JL: Tsk, that son of a bitch, that day, he panicked on me, the son of a bitch told me, "You guys roll me over, man?" I told him, "Bullshit. Why the fuck would I roll you over if you're a *homeboy*." I told him. "Bullshit." He told me. You should have seen the first time he came. I told him, "Look, I could be a midget, son of a bitch, but I . . . I, don't scare for just anybody." [laughs]

JR: Ha-ha.

JL: Yes, because . . . I'm telling you . . . I . . . I, myself put myself up for discipline, for defending Payaso and I haven't earned it because I have . . . I mean . . . afterwards, I tell myself, "I fucked up." I said, but you'll see how badly, son of a bitch. I don't give a shit. [chuckles]

JR: [chuckles] That's fucked up, dude. - -

JL: [OV] Yes.

JR: - - and Catrin [PH] man, do you ever go to Catrin's, man?

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JL: That's not . . . uh . . . go there. It's just that for us, it's prohibited to go from discotheque to discotheque.

JR: No man, Catrin is not a discotheque. Catrin is a drinking hole there at *Seven Corners*.

JL: That Catrin . . . I think that . . . there they . . . Look, I think that the one in charge of that is *Skinny*, man, because I . . . my restaurants are La Paz [PH], El Palenque [PH] and El Cuscatleco [PH].

JR: Oh, El Palenque, Cuscatleco, alright.

JL: Yes. I have people there working, there - - the waitresses.

JR: What do you mean? And the waitress tries to sell that stuff for you?

JL: Man, oh well. Son of a bitch, you know it. Well I . . . I [UI] son of a bitch. But Guason went - - went too far that day. He touched her pussy and all. He told me, "I don't like it; I better not fuck her, son of a bitch."

JR: But what's going on, man. The . . . the girl just sells that stuff for you or what, what's going on?

JL: No, she sells it for me but I tell her, "Look . . ." I tell her like this, "Look, you see . . ." I tell her, "You see, right, if you sell four hundred bucks for me, collect a hundred bucks, seventy bucks." That's what I tell her "A small joint, you understand? Or protection," I tell her, "you know, what's going on, any problem." And when the time comes, I play dumb. [chuckles]

JR: But, what's the deal, man? But and . . . and that girl, what's up, is pretty or is she ugly, man?

JL: Huh, no man, son of a bitch, yeah, if you asked Guason what she's like, "She's a hottie, *man*." No man, "Son of a bitch, she's hot." Well, I don't . . . I don't know, never have gotten my attention. I have known her for three years . . . and I have slept with her and . . . uhm . . . nothing, no . . . no [stutters] . . . no . . . is not appetizing. I'm sick and tired of being with women. That's all I ever do, I fuck all the time.

JR: But, what's the deal, but . . . but, if you screw her she'll take . . . take from you a lot of money, man?

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JL: No, that . . . that . . . that . . . bitch, you see, I get money out of her. I . . . don't know what the fuck I have, [chuckles] son of a bitch but I get money out of that fucking bitch, from 50 bucks up.

JR: You are bad, son of a bitch.

JL: No man. But, no man, son of a bitch, serious shit. They made a pretty big deal, no shit [laughs] I took a picture with a young girl that I shouldn't have taken and [UI] there, son of a bitch. And I said, "Calm down, it never has . . ." Well, no, well I haven't fucked her, you know, but they have confused things.

JR: No, hey, later I'm going to go there to El Pala . . . where did you say, El Palenque Cucatleco? [PH]

JL: No, man. No, where we should go is to go see that girl; we can go see El Cuscatleco. If you want . . . the girl is there working right now.

JR: Oh, no man, El Cuscatleco is the one that's in front of *Culmore*, right man?

JL: No man, dude, El Cuscatleco is over there in Chi . . . Chirilagua.

JR: Oh, that's right, yes, and the one's that in front of Culmore, which one is that one, man?

JL: It's . . . it's . . . it's El Palenque and La Paz.

JR: Oh, hold on, there's a restaurant there that the food's no good, right man?

JL: Fuck, but . . . El Morro, son of a bitch, he's very crazy now. If you are, good [voice changes] I'm shameless.

JR: [laughs] Man, fuck it.

JL: I'm going to make you a map, oh man, I don't remember.

[music]

JR: Fuck, man, Peluca . . . so in other words you don't need to work, son of a bitch, you're doing good.

JL: No man, I'm not working, fuck, I haven't worked in six months.

JR: Fuck, son of a bitch.

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JL: Yeah. And I pay seven hundred for rent, ah, ah . . . there; I have to fucking make money.

JR: Huh, what did you say?

JL: I pay seven hundred dollars in rent.

JR: Seven hundred?

JL: Yes.

JR: Fuck, son of a bitch.

JL: Yes, because I pay . . . the cable is just for me. And uh . . . and . . . uh, I mean, a box was set up just for me. I have the, the internet and . . . and . . . since they say here that it's expensive, that it's the apartments, and that who knows what other nonsense they give you. But I'm moving from here, no shit, because here, it's already . . . it's . . . it's, because it's a little hot here for me.

JR: Fuck, and that ass hole, wasn't he going to get an apartment, man?

JL: Look man, I don't know . . . in what . . . what the problem is; I hear that now supposedly they want to get a house.

JR: Oh, a house, fuck, but it's a lot of money for a house, no shit.

JL: A thousand five hundred, man, or a thousand six hundred.

JR: Fuck, a shit load of money, no shit.

JL: And not only am I paying 700 bucks . . . uh . . . 700 bucks, the other *homeboys* are paying . . . 550 and it's between the two. I by myself, fucking shit, how are we not to make money, man.

JR: Well, in that case, yes, with a shitload of dudes, yeah, no shit.

JL: That's why . . . [growls] so, then . . .

JR: [OV] And it's . . . it's . . . it's going to be named the Destroyer's house, dude.

JL: No, son of a fucking bitch, no man, what the fuck, I've already made up the conditions that . . . we're not going to be able to bring young girls there, we're not going to be able to fuck, that this and that . . . you know?

JR: Son of a bitch, right.

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JL: Yes. We are . . . strict, you know?

JR: No man, that's fucked up, son of a bitch.

JL: Yes. Shit, so what about you? You don't work or the woman is also supporting you or what's happening?

JR: No man, what the fuck, I work, son of a bitch. [pause] I do, fuck, as if, son of a bitch. I have to fucking work in a shit hole [PH], son of a bitch.

JL: And what do you do for work, son of a bitch, since I every time we call you, you're not busy?

JR: Oh, no man, dude, because . . . the thing is that I work in *delivery*, a stretch at a time, dude, that's why it's like that, dude. Because if I worked like that . . . there are times that, well . . . no, I can't answer, you know? But sometimes when we go and deliver a lot of . . . of . . . of that shit, homie, of packages, shit like that, you know? Fuck, it takes almost an hour or two hours, homie, and so that's why, dude, I can fuck off but, no shit, there's days that no, man, no . . . can't even answer the phone.

JL: And . . . you turd, you're working at *Home Depot*?

JR: No man, for a maestro of a . . . at this maestro's, that . . . this maestro's name is Alpeña [PH]. I've known him for a fucking long time, man. He does all kinds of shit; he does . . . he sets up exercise machines, homie. He lays down a sort of carpeting for exercise rooms. He does all kinds of shit, man. He's like a jack of all trades, no shit.

JL: No shit.

JR: Yeah.

JL: No, well, that's good. Fuck, *Poison* didn't call. *Poison* didn't give a shit then.

JR: Yeah, man, *Poison*, what a son of a bitch, that dude is always busy, right man?

JL: Yes, and you should've heard . . . I told him, "Look, man..." I told him, "The phone is to be answered all twenty four hours, son of a fucking bitch." Sometimes I fell like turning it off, son of a bitch... [chuckles]... so they let me sleep for at least a while.

JR: Fuck, man, nothing no... nothing with the phone, man, it's like it's one of those phones of... of... *one...one...uh... one, 1-700*, right man?

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JL: Ah... ah... one of those for complaints, because ... fuck, sometimes, the homie Payaso says to call me and I say to them, "Whatever topic, I tell them ah-ha-ha." Fuck, they quickly cut me off.

JR: [chuckles]

JL: Yeah. But - -

JR: [OV] No, man, it's fucked.

JL: - - You know it. But let's see if - -

JR: [OV] And when, and well, when are you going to head back to *New York* again, dude?

JL: I don't know. I'm thinking about, you know? Because . . . my finances are a little low.

JR: Your stock market is low, you son of a bitch?

JL: Yes, my finances are low, you know? But in a while... No, man, the thing is that now I want to set up another *homeboy*, man, because I've almost gotten to know all of the United States.

JR: Hear that, you son of a bitch.

JL: Yeah, just finished with *Kansas City, Mississippi, Illinois*... uh... *New Jersey, New York, Los Angeles, Las Vegas* . . . uh . . . *Texas* - -

JR: [OV] Hey, check this out - -

JL: - - Colorado.

JR: - - and, and this whole problem, dude, and that dude, Demente . . . which one is it, Demente? Who's the one that's locked up?

JL: [OV] Yes, yes, Demente.

JR: Hey, and what's up with Demente? What have the *homeboys* found out?

JL: Look, man, I was investigating . . . you see, I could give a shit, fuck, I would have gone inside the court but Payaso doesn't want to.

JR: But, and what do they say, man?

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JL: Look, man, his bail is set at 9,000 dollars.

JR: Bail is 9,000 dollars?

JL: Yes. It's... yes, it's 90,000 dollars, you know? So, we owe . . . without . . . without . . . without having to get it quickly, but since the *bond* is set at 9,000 dollars, we need to wait until December 21st. But we're trying to get the money now.

JR: Oh, fuck, man, they set him a shitload of money, right, man?

JL: The thing is that . . . look, man. Fuck, homie, you see that . . . we were going to go do a hit and they caught him with a 12 and a machete.

JR: Fuck and it's because of the twelve that they're giving him so much fucking time, man?

JL: Yes, I think so, man. But now, because . . . for him to have been set bail now . . . uh . . . I think they're going to let him out but he's going to be on probation.

JR: Who were you going to hit, that one kid, Peligroso?

JL: Yes, that fucking son of a bitch. But it looks suspicious to me that I have even told Payaso, "Payaso, that this and that, we should hit that kid son of a fucking, I think he's a rat." Because, man, you tell me, we go . . . myself, Demente comes along, you come, and someone else comes . . . a recruit that we want to experience a hit. That one dude was already locked up.

JR: [OV] Who, which one - -

JL: [OV] - - What a coincidence . . .

JR: [OV] What *side*?

JL: Some . . . Nocturno - -

JR: [OV] Who was locked up?

JL: Some, Nocturno . . . I think that's what they call him, from our clique.

JR: Oh, uh-huh, huh, huh.

JL: So then, we come and we're going to the hit . . . what a coincidence that on that day they were playing ball and the cops were already in place. It was all going cool and we said "Let's leave, because of the cops." As soon as we left, the cops

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stuck to us. He followed us; we went into a *Taco Bell*. At the *Taco Bell* he got us out and the first thing he told us was, "ah, this one is here." Just like that, he said "This one, he's the one." He said "Hmm, You're all gang members." They put their hands on us, they took us outside, you know? They put him off to the side, and how strange that they went straight to get the bullets out, they went right to where I had hidden them, *homeboy*.

JR: And who was it? And who, so then, who's the one that's dirty, Nocturno too, dude?

JL: Look, man . . . there . . . we have . . . No; I don't know whether it is Nocturno, Drousy [PH] but no, I don't think they can prove anything on that dude. But, I'm telling you, it makes me furious, homie, because . . . how strange that they let him get out first, and supposedly . . . that if they let him . . . if they busted him with some *homeboys* and with a gun and all that craziness, he was going to be locked up. From what he said, they supposedly have him at home already.

JR: But what's up, doesn't he report in from over there with you guys?

JL: No, none of that, Well, we don't . . . don't know anything about him . . . uh . . . supposedly, he can't have communication, that shit, but I told Payaso "We need to look into him, we have to investigate that son of a bitch right now because it's bullshit, you know?" When Demente calls me we're going to clear up all this craziness... about how did those sons of a bitch know? And listen to what they told me, "Well, yeah, Greñas," they told me, "We already know that you weren't coming to . . . steal bicycles, like you typic . . . you typically do, nor were you coming to steal cell phones. You're coming to do a hit." He told me, "Everything that was said in the car is written down." And he showed me a paper . . . that son of a fucking bitch, you tell me.

JR: Hey, man, and . . . uh . . . and this homie, Peligroso, what happened to him?

JL: Hah, that son of a fucking bitch, he's bringing back up the clique in Woodbridge, that the clique is there now, you know? But that man is dirty.

JR: But he's . . . he's with the clique over there, right?

JL: Yes.

JR: What clique is he with, man?

JL: With *Parkview's* [PH]. It's that's he's bringing back up *Parkview*. He says that he's the runner, you know? He's . . . is . . . is like . . . like trying to convince me, right.

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JR: Son of a bitch, man.

JL: Yeah.

JR: No, man, that's fucked up, dude.

JL: But, oh well, we'll see what happens with him . . . remember that one could let it go, we're just like the F.B.I. it might take us 15 years but we always hit.

JR: What did you say?

JL: I'm saying that we're just like the F.B.I., us, the Mara in general we're just like the F.B.I.

JR: Oh.

JL: Yes. That . . . the . . . it may take us 15 years, you know? Investigating, but that we get them, we get them, those sons of a bitch.

JR: No, man, it's fucked up, right? Fuck, Demente is locked up right, man? The . . . the - -

JL: [OV] *Thunder* [PH].

JR: - - the . . . who was the other one? Who?

JL: *Thunder*.

JR: Oh, *Thunder*, right, man.

JL: Yes. And Silencio [PH].

JR: Oh, and did they already deport Silencio, man?

JL: No. I think that man is going to be let out on bail, man. That man is also under investigation.

JR: Hey, uh . . . uh, under investigation by who, by the police or by you guys?

JL: No, from us.

JR: Why, man?

JL: Because he himself said that if *Thunder* went down, he would get out.

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JR: If *Thunder* went down, he would get out?

JL: Yes.

JR: Fuck, and . . . and how can it be like that, man?

JL: Who knows, it came straight from his mouth, you know? When he brings me the papers and I see what they say.

JR: Hey, fuck, but that homie Silencio was solid, man.

JL: Look, man, we'll see . . . see what's going on, you know? But hopefully it's not . . . I'm not going to see what we're thinking because . . . unfortunately, you know?

JR: Fuck, son of a bitch.

JL: No, man, son of a bitch, you couldn't even talk to that dude in code, dawg. Pay attention, look, wouldn't even be able to speak in code.

JR: Oh, I thought that that homie was solid, man?

JL: I . . . talked to him in code and when . . . the thing is I wanted because he told me "Look, we're here now, the uncles..." I told him, "My sister is here . . ." I told him, "We're all here, all of us are together at *Culmore's* turf." And the son of a bitch said, "What do you mean?" He asked me, "Are you telling me that all the *homeboys* are there?" It didn't take but five minutes for the whole turf to be completely surrounded, the son of a bitch.

JR: Hey, but what's going on, you're not in contact with that dude, man?

JL: No. Uh-mm, he's very stupid to talk that way, you know? Clearly, when he comes out, I have a lot of things to say to him. I went and I told him. . . "Fuck, *homeboy*, you fucked up for doing what you did." He tells me, "I did it for my clique." "You're stupid, you son of a bitch." I told him, man, "For you getting all worked up." I told him, "In the middle of the day, man," crossing out some shit that was put up, man, at 2:00 in the afternoon.

JR: Man, son of a bitch.

JL: But, we'll see what happens with that son of a bitch.

JR: No, man. Fuck and what . . . fuck, what shit, a shit load of homies that have turned out somewhat strange from you guys, right, man?

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JL: Yes, but, well, now, after what we did, I don't think so, you know? I told the *homeboys*, "Recruits, here you are . . ." I told them, "Ha-ha . . ." I say that to the head, "And if one of these sons of a bitch decides to talk . . ." I told them, "These are the consequences." Look, these sons of a bitch were left scared, son of a bitch; since those sons of a bitch have now seen the Devil. [chuckles]

JR: What did you say?

JL: [chuckles] I'm telling you that these sons of a bitch, that after . . . that . . . that after we dismembered, now they have seen the Devil, because remember that . . . fuck, we don't have mercy, you know? Uh, that . . . sometimes when they're rats, you understand? We cut their heads off . . . fuck, anyone would end up scared, man.

JR: Right, man, fuck.

JL: Dismembered, son of a bitch, we hacked him all up in pieces. [laughs]

JR: Fuck, you son of a bitch. And now - -

JL: [OV] But the - -

JR: - - and now he does want, I thought that ass hole was kidding me when he told me about that, dude.

JL: No, man. We dismembered that son of a bitch.

JR: Huh?

JL: We dismembered him. Two . . . two times we dismembered him. We reburied him and then we went and took him out and we dismembered him and then we buried him again.

JR: Fuck, man. No, man but . . . and the . . . and nothi . . . and . . . and the sister, man, she hasn't . . . hasn't . . . hasn't even called the cops, but the . . . the cops haven't found her [PH] there either, right man?

JL: No, man. She's saying that he's supposedly locked up, you know? She told me, "Poor baby, he's locked up." I told her, "No, man, don't mess with me, poor guy. I think that . . . I don't think the guy is even allowed to have any contact." I told her, "Ah, yes, poor guy." The son of a bitch won't be calling anymore, how the son of a bitch is going to call if he doesn't have dough [PH]. [chuckles]

JR: No man, right man. Fuck, but hey, and didn't . . . didn't anyone chicken out, man?

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- JL: Nope. Uhm, a *homeboy* was going to chicken out because it's logical *homeboy*. Fuck, man, seeing that that they have opened up his entire chest, the heart is now, you know? - - is out, that his jaw is down to his tits, fuck, it's logical - - how are you not going to chicken out if you have never seen something as crazy as that, man?
- JR: Fuck. No, I'm telling you, there . . . the guys there, none of them chickened out? None of them panicked?
- JL: Well, yes, one. Fuck, he panicked and I told him, "Oh - - Today, you leave, son of a bitch." I told him, "From here - - you - - nothing has to come out." "No, no, no." Look, he grabbed the knife from me, homie, and started to cut him up all over, son of a bitch, without mercy.
- JR: You're shitting me.
- JL: The son of a bitch tells me, "Salvadorians' are crazy," [chuckles] because the son of a bitch is Guatemalan. [chuckles]
- JR: Oh, you have Guatemalan . . . who do you have jumped in that's Guatemalan, man?
- JL: We . . . uh . . . uh . . . *Slow* [PH].
- JR: Oh, that homie is Guatemalan?
- JL: Yes, he's Guatemalan. "You are all crazy." He says. "Serious shit." I tell him, "You need to get used to . . ."
- JR: [OV] I didn't, I didn't think you - - that you guys had any Guatemalan or Honduran, dude.
- JL: No, we don't have any Guatemalan . . . that, son of a bitch is a Guatemalan. Like I'm telling you; respect for that son of a bitch, because that son of a bitch has turned out to be solid for us. I hope he turns out solid for us, because that son of a bitch . . . grabbed the knife, without mercy too, son of a bitch, I said, "Well, if you've come out like that too . . ." Hold on man, that . . . Hold on, . . . Aw, mother fucker, the call dropped. That . . . that was el Hueso. Oh, well . . . Hey, I'm telling you . . . dismember . . . look . . . dismember, man, bury him, at 15 days getting him out again, you have to . . . you have to . . . you have to have some balls on you.
- JR: Yes, fuck, but why did you get him out again at 15 days, man?

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JL: [background voices] To . . . to . . . look, he's ours, man, it's so we can see how far your mental capacity can take you, you know?

JR: Fuck, you guys are crazy, sons of a bitch.

JL: And what's wrong with that, [UI] *shit* [PH]. If - - Is - - so now when you go to El Salvador [PH], no . . . no . . . no one is going to surprise you *homeboy*. Because remember that the majority of the *homeboys* are made here, you know? And . . . and remember that you don't see that crazy stuff here.

JR: No, well yeah, over there - -

JL: [OV] Right, then.

JR: [OV] - - it's true.

JL: And it's like that on the outside, you know?

JR: Listen, but I didn't know, man, that there were Guatemalans. *Slow* . . . the one, is the one that studies with Hueso, right man?

JL: Huh?

JR: *Little Slow* is the one that studies with Hueso, right man?

JL: Yeah, that son of a bitch and *Little* . . . and all of these sons of a bitch would tell me, "You're crazy Greñas." I said to them, "No, bullshit, let's go and get him out."

JR: Hey, homie, look man, but, fuck, and . . . but, I didn't . . . I didn't want to say anything to that homie, right man? But that thing, that craziness, man. Fuck, and it's not going to come back to bite you in the ass coming from down there, man?

JL: No. [echo] We asked, we asked for author . . . authorization.

JR: Oh, alright, man.

JL: Yes. No man, look, I . . . I was the one in charge, I called down there and I told them, "Look . . ." I told them, "We suspect a rat." [noise] Everyone was at the meeting there. "Prove it." He said to me. Right, so I proved it.

JR: [OV] and *Poison*?

JL: Yes.

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JR: Oh.

JL: All of the shot-callers were there.

JR: Fuck.

JL: All of them were, were like, "Yes, that this and that." Seventy-five percent gave me the *okay*. We had the go ahead, they only gave me, no, sorry, they gave me the go ahead just the "Yeah, yeah," that they would back me up. But that we had the "*okay*" Alright, so I came, I went to the *Seven-Eleven*, and I told that dude, "Look, dude," I told him, "I have a 5,000 dollar deal," I told him, "and some drugs that we're going to take," I told him, "I am going personally," I told him, "To get it," I told him. "What do you say, let's go?" "Yeah, let's go" He tells me. I told him, "At two o'clock sharp. Right there behind the *Seven*" I told him, "There, only he's going to come down," "Alright, cool." And how strange, *homeboy*, that- - that... look... the detectives showed up. *Fairfax* showed up. And . . . and . . . and *Prince William* showed up.

JR: You're shitting me.

JL: Right, at the time I had stated the delivery was going to be made. And . . . and they were so stupid that in . . . in . . . that they didn't even notice . . . that they came in trucks, in private trucks, that we already even have the license plates for, you know?

JR: Ah.

JL: Ah, so you tell me, fuck, and what is more pro... so, then I sent the . . . the proof down there. Here is more proof. I told him, "If you want to, we don't do anything." If you want to be ratted on more, it's your decision, *homeboy*. I'm just doing what I've been told . . . so that my clique won't be affected. I respect everyone's decision, if you all say that no, then no, it is. The mouse is gathering up the cheese," I told them, but you don't - -

JR: [OV] Fuck, but, but you had told him the time and what did you tell him, that a young girl, that's what you told him?

JL: Yes, I had let him know everything; I had told him the time, what car, and . . . and, well, everything . . . where that craziness was going to be. Those sons of a bitch were waiting for me to get down and catch me, then.

JR: Fuck, man. So then . . . and he . . . and . . . and . . . and when, and when . . . you got there with the dude, when you arrived with the dude, didn't . . . didn't, the dude didn't give - - just give up? - -

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JL: [OV] No, no man - -

JR: That homie?

JL: - - Hold on, no, man. So then, he called me like around . . . Hey, he asked me, "Where are you?" In a real hurry, "Why?" I asked him. "Hurry up, I'm here." He told me, "its cold," He told me, "that no cars have come by," He told me that it was clean and this and that. "No, man, wait. That . . . that I have a problem" I told him. "I don't know what's going on," I told him. "No, man, hurry up, dude," he would tell me, "That this deal... that, that this . . . is good, that . . . that," you should have seen the desperation that son of a bitch had.

JR: Ah.

JL: Uh-hum.

JR: Hey, man . . . and . . . that, but this dude, man . . . at least, told you that "yeah" he was ratting, man?

JL: He . . . as he was dying, he told us, "Let me be," He said, "I swear I'll tell you everything that was said and who else," he told me, "There's someone else involved."

JR: Fuck, and . . . and this someone else is from his clique too?

JL: No. He says he's a civilian.

JR: Son of a bitch.

JL: And . . . we told him... But - - we already . . . we already . . . we were already with, you know? [noise]

JR: That's fucked up, man.

JL: Hold on. [noise]

JR: Fuck, man, but that dude, then that dude could already sensed it if you were telling him to come out. The dude already sensed it about you guys.

JL: Uh, yes, no man and when . . . when we got to him, I told him . . . it was all of a sudden. We . . . we had everything thought out, the . . . we let him be seen with other people, but not to be seen with us. And we got to the meeting, look, every time I would tell him, "Fuck, I was ratted on," the son of a bitch would always say, "Ah, you bore me with that, that shit is not so, don't pay any attention. That no one . . . that . . . that . . . that no one . . . that no one is going to turn you in, that

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this and that.” Always - - And . . . and that day that the son of a bitch left us, the Beast sang for joy, son of a bitch, you should have seen. Twice he sang for joy. The time we hit him and the time we took him out.

JR: Son of bitch, man.

JL: Yes.

JR: No man, that’s fucked up, son of a bitch. Fuck, Greñitas [PH], you’re little but you’re bad, right, son of a bitch.

JL: [chuckles] No man, son of a bitch, what happens is that . . . is that . . . look . . . if not . . . if you don’t instill that craziness into those that are up here, uh, when they go down there . . . right, they’re going to suffer.

JR: Hey, look, man, but this craziness, man, was Silencio there, the homie hasn’t said anything?

JL: No, he wasn’t there, and he doesn’t . . . and doesn’t . . . and doesn’t even know.

JR: Oh.

JL: No.

JR: That’s what I was going to tell you, right man? Because Silencio would have already told you. And *Little Thunder* hasn’t said anything?

JL: No, he wasn’t there either.

JR: Ah, well. But the dude knows, man?

JL: Yes. No, hold on, hold on. Hold on. [beeps] Uhm . . . I don’t think *Little Thunder* knows I don’t remem . . . No, I don’t think *Little Thunder* knows.

JR: Fuck, you’re going to have to open your eyes, right, man?

JL: [OV] Yes.

JR: - - [UI] because I do know that - - . . . that . . . that . . . that I don’t know how the homie, Bandido [PH] knows too, right, man?

JL: Who?

JR: El . . . El Bandido from V-L-S, right, man.

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JL: [clanking] No, man. I don't think he does, only if Duende would have told him.

JR: [music] What did you say?

JL: Only if Duende would have told him.

JR: Who's Duende? Is Duende . . . is he *Little Loco*, huh?

JL: No, man, that's Hueso, man, Duende . . . the . . . Duende, the son of a bitch, is even smaller than I am.

JR: And he's from your clique too?

JL: Yes. He's also from my clique.

JR: Fuck, but how does that homie Bandido know, man?

JL: Ah, well, you see . . . someone gave him the information.

JR: Oh, because the homie is kind of like he knows, I didn't think he was important.

JL: No, well, we'll see, see what's going on. But what's important is that . . . if . . . uh-mm . . . between . . . Look, if it stays between homeboys it's that better, you know? - - so that they can say, "Fuck, this is what will happen to us if we rat." Because maybe many of us will get caught but that they're going to disc . . . I told them this, "Whoever rats will get dismembered." I told him, "If we don't get him then someone they care about will get dismembered." I told him.

JR: Fuck, that's fucked up, right, man?

JL: Yes. And since what I do is this: I bury him shallow and go take him out at 15 days. So I can dismember him again and rebury him again.

JR: Fuck, son of a bitch, you're crazy, man, son of a bitch.

JL: [chuckles] No man, son of a bitch, and what . . . you've never done that before?

JR: You see, there are a lot of old hens in El Salvador, son of a bitch.

JL: No man [laughs] [UI] son of a bitch. And so you've never dismembered people, man?

JR: Fuck.

JL: You, dog.

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JR: Huh?

JL: So, you have never dismembered people?

JR: Man, no man.

JL: Nah, but fuck, no, man. You don't know anything, son of a bitch, no shit. [laughs]
--

JR: [OV] You know what --

JL: -- the littlest that could be.

JR: [OV] -- you know what, son of a bitch? Ah, you, son of a bitch . . . came from El Salvador dude and I haven't been over there, then.

JL: [laughs] Nah, son of a bitch, that's fucked up. I would say, "woo-hoo."

JR: [OV] Over there, over . . . over there in El Salvador, right man? -- it's worse over in El Salvador, right, man?

JL: No, man, son of a bitch, over there . . . The first time we went to dismember . . . half of a dude . . . a smaller guy than myself . . . they told me, "Go ahead and put him over your shoulder." "What?" They told me, "Put him over your shoulder," Those sons of a bitch, "Put him over your shoulder," They told me. He was already dismembered, son of a bitch, and you know it, dawg. [laughs]

JR: Fuck, man.

JL: But tell me, it's . . . it's . . . it's . . . it's good, right man? -- to have a little madness, you know?

JR: No man, keep an eye on the homies, right, man? -- if . . . if . . . to see what's happening, right man? If they back out, right man?

JL: Yes, I saw them there, you know? But, I'm telling you, fuck . . . even thought the *homeboys* were made here, you know? -- yes, those sons of a bitch, did respond. But when I told them, "Have to go get him out." They didn't want to, "What?" "Have to go get him out." I told them. "No." I told them, "Have to go get him out, have to go make a deep . . . deeper hole." I told them. "And we're going to dismember him again." "No, son of a bitch, you're crazy." I told them, "Has to be done. If you don't want to, well, then, you know." I told them.

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JR: And Guason . . . and Guason didn't . . . and Guason didn't . . . didn't it, didn't look right to the son of a bitch, man?

JL: No man, that son of a fucking bitch was the one that . . . look, man, I . . . I was going to do the hit, but I . . . because, he . . . he jumped in Guason and he's the one that gave Guason his nickname.

JR: Oh. Yes, it's - -

JL: [OV] So then, and - -

JR: [OV] - - it's true, right man.

JL: - - uh-huh, and it's bad education, you know? - - for me to do the hit and he would end up with his hands clean.

JR: Oh.

JL: Yes. It's bad education. Anytime that . . . a hit is going to be done, it should be done by the one that jumped him in or something like that, you know? So he can't wash his hands. "You go do the hit," I told him. "You're the one." Nah, son of a bitch, he gave it to him with the whole machete, he even cut himself, the son of a bitch, in his . . . in his . . . in his crazy state.

JR: Fuck, ah, yeah, it's true, right man, that . . . that . . . that Guason was made by that dude, right man?

JL: Yes.

JR: Fuck, man.

JL: Also . . . *Skinny*, too; he put him in as a recruit.

JR: Oh, *Skinny*, too. Him . . . yes... *Skinny* too, that dude had told me but they had another nickname for *Skinny*, right man?

JL: Yes. Uh . . . we, we would call him Camalarga [PH].

JR: Uh-huh, uh-huh.

JL: Yes, but I'm telling you . . . uh . . . [laughs] you know, son of a bitch. Son of a bitch was saying, "No man, if I messed up, I swear to you, I will tell you but don't kill me." "Bullshit, son of a bitch." I told him, "For being a rat." "I will tell you," he would tell me, "Greñitas, I will tell you, I . . . I . . . but let me live" I said "Well, you can tell me . . ." "I know, that I ratted on you guys but . . . spare my

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life, I'll go very far away." "Yes, you're going away far." I told him. "Kill him, son of bitch." I told him at the end. [laughs]

JR: And *Skinny*, man, what . . . what was the son of a bitch telling you?

JL: No, man. The son of a bitch, the thing is he was panicked already. Remember that they have never seen such craziness. And he kept looking at us. "Hold him, hold him." We were telling them - - and - - we would say - - "Go," I told him, "Give it your all." Look, we grabbed him by the hands, we knocked him down, we machete him. And what did I feel? Look, the bone in that son of a bitch's head was tough because I wasn't able to take it off; it just . . . stayed on there, dangling.

JR: Fuck, right man.

JL: Yeah, you could hear it when we would hit the bone; it could be heard all the way up to. And I told them. . . "Let's bury him over there," I told them, "No, more . . . we buried him shallow." The . . . the surprise was that I didn't know that we were going to take him out again. [laughs]

JR: That's fucked up.

JL: Hm. Some . . . someday, you'll see, if I'm going to wet, I'm going to . . . going to . . . going to take you to something crazy like that.

JR: No, [UI] you to [UI] - -

JL: [OV] I . . .

JR: - - son of a bitch, you son of a bitch, you son of a bitch are disturbed in the head, man.

JL: [laughs] No man, for me to - - to - - for me to pop my momma three times, you tell me.

JR: Ha, what a crazy son of a bitch, right man?

JL: But, no man, son of a bitch, I think . . . uh . . . the . . . the . . . next week, make a little time, I think we're going to do one of those crazy things.

JR: What did you say?

JL: I think that next week we're going to do one of those crazy things. That's what I'm telling you, get ready, you understand? [laughs]

JR: Where, man?

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JL: I don't know. I think a little craziness is going to come out over - - over there at the same place we . . . the . . . Hey, there's . . . there's a [f] rat and we're going to bury right there.

JR: Alright. But what's up, man. And so you . . . so you have a girl or did another dude from your clique turned out?

JL: Mmm, what do you mean?

JR: Uh, who is it, I'm asking, who's the customer?

JL: [OV] No. No man, supposedly it's the [f] one that rats on Pinos.

JR: The one that ratted on Pinos?

JL: Yes.

JR: Who's this, man?

JL: Ah, no man, it's . . . it's a girl from the school, you know? . . . that, these dudes from school tell everything to the girls when they're drunk. That's the bad thing.

JR: Who did you say it was?

JL: I don't know. I don't . . . don't know what they call that . . . that . . . that girl, you know? - - but yeah, and supposedly she's been handed to us, yes.

JR: Fuck, man. Hey, but what's going on with Pinos, what do they tell you, man?

JL: No man, the . . . Look, man, I think that Pinos have never hit. That's what I see, Pinos tells us, "do it, do it . . . do us the favor." So we're going to do it. As a clique we're going to do it.

JR: Fuck and how, and . . . and the girl, how are . . . how the fuck are you going to get her, if . . . if . . . she goes . . . goes to school and everything?

JL: Mm-mm, well, well yes, that's the jam, well . . . you send someone, that goes, yeah, you know? - - "Let's go mess around," uh, take a different phone, with Pinger [PH] so it doesn't get traced and she's gone. That shit's easy, man.

JR: Son of a bitch, it's probably your girlfriend, son of a bitch.

JL: No, I'll never leave that. [laughs] You see, she's broken my heart because . . . no, man. Look, man, that fucking girl that I'm with, I don't tell them nothing. Me, to that bitch, they ask me, "Dear, what does it mean . . ." No, man, I was drunk at a

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park. Since they're dumb too, right, "Uh, *Park* means . . . I was very drunk at a park," I told her. "And *View*?" - - "In the view" I tell them. "One has to have view on the arm," that's what I tell her.

JR: Fuck, right, man.

JL: Look dude, it's just that . . . that . . . I had a woman, I think I was together for six years and that bitch never found out about the crazy stuff I was mixed in.

JR: Uh-huh. Hey and - -

JL: Yes.

JR: - - and you were with . . . with . . . with *Player's* sister, right?

JL: Yes, but that was before, son of a bitch, that was . . . Uff . . . when I was with, with the woman and I was keeping company with the home girl, you know? I was keeping company with both of them; you know it, son of a bitch. [laughs]

JR: You're bad, son of a bitch, with *Player's* sister, what a son of a bitch.

JL: And well, and after being wet, one has to be . . . being around there, well, you know?

JR: And *Player* didn't get mad?

JL: No man, I think that *Player* never found out. But . . . he was already locked up when I was with the sister.

JR: Oh, the homie was locked up, man?

JL: Yes, he was locked up already.

JR: Fuck, man. And what's going on? *Poison* hasn't called you, yet?

JL: No, and [UI], *Poison* didn't call, that son of a bitch . . . who knows where . . . uh . . . uh . . . oh . . . oh . . . or, what time do you get off work? Or . . . or give me that homeboy's nickname and . . . maybe he'll call me in a while.

JR: Alright then, dude.

JL: And what do they call him?

JR: Who? *Monkey*. . . *Sicario* - -

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JL: [OV] Yes. Sicario?

JR: Sicario, Sicario. Yes.

JL: Right, alright then, dog.

JR: Alright, man.

JL: Alright, man.

[end of recording]